
THE
NIGHTINGALE.

"THE LEAST, THE LOVELIEST OF THE TUNEFUL TRAIN."

No. XXX.—SATURDAY, JULY 16th, '96.

The Moralist. No. IX.

Lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba.

THE mighty improvements, which have been made in every branch of polite literature within two or three centuries, shew us how much the world is indebted to the art of printing, which was invented a little more than three hundred years ago. This invention prepared the way for that glorious reformation in religion, which began not long after, and which, without this art and the free enquiry and increase of knowledge that ensued, could hardly have been effected by any means short of miracles.

The natural rights of mankind and the true ends of government are now as much better understood, than they were formerly, as is the nature of religion. The right of *christian* princes to exterminate *heathens* from the face of the earth, the obligation of subjects tamely to submit to every wanton exercise of power in their kings, "the enormous faith of many made for one" however sacred they were formerly esteemed, now appear most ridiculously ab-

find even to the plainest rustick and the simplest peasant.

The nature of religion is better understood by common christians, than formerly it was by priests or bishops, and the rights of mankind more clearly discerned by private subjects than once by kings and ministers of state.

Before printing was in use the learning of the world was confined to a very small number : books were so scarce and of such immense price as to be attainable but by few, and few were even taught the use of letters. The learned few assumed an unbounded influence over the rest ; and blind credulity was the noblest faith in religion, and passive subjection the most meritorious obedience to government. To enquire with freedom and judge for one's self was *heresy*, and to dispute against the measures of government was *rebellion*. But now, every man, with little expence, may possess a library, and without labour of travelling into remote countries, acquire all the knowledge which is necessary to the entertainment of his mind, the government of his life, or the part he has to act in society. Or if a single person cannot easily supply himself with a competent number of books for his instruction or amusement, a few in the same vicinity may procure a collection sufficient to employ their vacant hours, and thus may find a manly and rational entertainment, which would happily exclude some low and immoral diversions, too apt to prevail among youth.

Among the various means of promoting useful knowledge, a periodical paper is not the most inconsiderable. Such a paper well executed would greatly contribute to refine the taste, correct the manners and improve the virtue of the people among whom it circulates. To render such a paper as useful as possible, gentlemen of education and leisure

must afford their aid by furnishing it with their own speculations.

The clergymen may thus diffuse some important lessons of virtue beyond the narrow circle of a single parish, and may correct some foibles and follies, which, tho' really hurtful to the individual and to society, yet seem hardly to deserve the more grave and solemn animadversions of the pulpit. The physician may thus communicate to his brethren of the faculty, some valuable discoveries, which have occurred in the course of his own practice, and by this method, relieve the distresses and prolong the lives of many of his fellow mortals, whom he never saw.

By this vehicle the civilian may scatter around some useful and seasonable thoughts on society, government, liberty, finance, and other matters which nearly concern the happiness of his countrymen.

Men in private life, the merchant, the husbandman, the artificer, in their several professions; will often meet with occurrences, or make discoveries, which might be useful to mankind.

The young gentleman who has finished his academical education and is now directing his studies to that profession, in which he hopes, one day, to serve his fellow men, may find an agreeable amusement in writing for a public paper. Such an exercise added to reading good authors, and conversing with good company, will much embellish his style and improve his talent, at composition. When he considers that his performance is to be perused by the the public, he will study justness of sentiment, order of thought and correctness of expression. When he considers that the author is unknown, his modesty will be relieved and he will write with a manly freedom. When he considers that among his numerous readers some are men of taste and discernment, and others men of

common understanding and education, he will endeavour to unite elegance with perspicuity. When he considers the narrow limits to which he is confined, he will aim at conciseness and guard against that languid prolixity, and that affected floridity, which are too apt to creep into juvenile compositions. Thus he will naturally be led to combine the several beauties and graces of a good style.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

"Example is of great avail. and a good education is of the first importance."

WITHOUT joining the Moralist in denouncing the vices of the age, or reciting the sad tale of its degeneracy, let us examine human nature, and we shall find it presenting an ample field for censure as well as praise. If we wish to avoid the charge of having displayed the gloomy part of the picture of life, we must leave the former to ill nature and disappointed ambition.

The force of example is so great and unbounded, that to define its extension with precision would be a futile undertaking. The investigator of nature will trace its effects as often in the humbler spheres of life, as in the most exalted stations. It acts, however, with greater force in the latter, than in the former. The character of the sovereign at every court, has great influence in forming the taste and manners of the courtiers. The prince is the source, from whence the streams of corruption flow; the character of those around him depends very much upon his own. If, then the manners and morals of so many are affected by his, ought not that

to be, independent of others, a sufficient inducement to regulate his actions by the unerring principles of rectitude. When the circle of our acquaintance lies within the limits of virtue, we never fail of imitating laudable examples, and imbibing virtuous sentiments. But, when conversant with men of depraved hearts, there is danger of communicating the infection to our own. Vice, upon the first view excites in the feeling mind the most disgusting sensations, but after having been frequently placed before our eyes, it appears in a more engaging form; and at last acquires the power of attraction. The conversation of men, exemplary for learning, wisdom or politeness is of great importance to youth, which, like a fair piece of paper, is susceptible of any impression. The restraint, under which we are obliged to hold ourselves in their company, will at length become habitual, and will enable us to govern our language, a thing greatly to be desired; their example also will keep us from neglecting our inferiors in wealth, birth, or abilities, and will cure us of that foolish propensity to ape the manners of our superiors, which every where is found to prevail, more or less.

At this enlightened period, when the clouds of ignorance and superstition are dispelled before the meridian sunshine of reason, it is a matter of astonishment, that in some parts of the world, such erroneous modes of education should still be pursued, even, when every man of reflection is convinced of the error. But so it is; youth excentric, as comets, are suffered to visit scenes of vice, and to contract habits of intimacy with worthless characters, in order to gain a knowledge of the world. These philosophers ought to remember, however, that knowledge is a dear bought acquisition at the expence of virtue.

We ought to esteem ourselves happy, to have been born in a country, where an object so highly important is properly estimated, where education is made a subject of public concern, and where a certain portion of literary knowledge is made attainable by all. However highly the advantages of education may be valued in other countries, there are none, where by means of public institutions the first elements of science are put into every hand. In our country, which is justly celebrated for this circumstance, there is perhaps no part of it, where the attention to the subject is more constant, and where all the benefits of this precious institution are more universally enjoyed, than here.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

AN ENTERTAINING STORY.

EXTRACTED FROM *LAWSON'S* LECTURES CONCERNING ORATORY.

THE plains in which Lima, the capital city of Peru, is placed, are the most beautiful in the world. They are of vast extent, reaching from the foot of Andes or the Cordelier Mountains, to the sea; and are covered with groves of olive trees, of oranges and citrons, watered by many streams, one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean of Callao, in which latter place is laid the scene of the ensuing history.

To this city Don Juan de Mendoza had come over with his father from Old Spain, yet an infant. The father having borne many noble employments in Peru, died much esteemed and honored, rather than rich. This young gentleman had in early

youth conceived a very strong passion for Donna Cornelia di Perez, daughter to a very wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the best port in the whole western world.

But altho' the young lady who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affection, yet he met with an insuperable difficulty in the avarice, and inflexible temper of the father, who preferring wealth to every other consideration absolutely refused his consent. At length, the unfortunate lover saw himself under a necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all mankind, torn away forever from all that he held most dear.

He was now on board, in the port of Callao, the ship ready to sail for Spain, the wind fair, the crew all employed, the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing again the place of their nativity. Amid the shouts and acclamations with which the whole bay resounded, Mendoza sat upon the deck alone, overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding those towers, in which he had left the only person who could have made him happy, whom he was never more to behold; a thousand tender and melancholy thoughts possessed his mind.

In the the mean time the serenity of the sky is disturbed; sudden flashes of lightning dart across, which increasing, fill the whole air with flame. A noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low rumbling, but growing louder, and soon exceeding the roaring of the most violent thunder. This was instantly followed by a trembling of the earth; the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up into the sky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards, The Cordeliers, the highest mountains of the earth, shook and roared with unutterable noises, sending forth

from their bursting sides, rivers of flame, and throwing up immense rocks. The houses, arsenals, and churches of Callao tottered from side to side, and at last tumbled upon the heads of the inhabitants.

Those who had not perished in this manner, you might see of every age and sex, rushing into the streets and public roads, to escape from the like ruins.—But even there was no safety; the whole earth was in motion, nor was the ocean less disturbed; the ships in the harbor were some of them torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up in the waves, some dashed on the rocks, many thrown several miles up into the land. The whole town of Callao, late so flourishing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared, being partly engulfed, partly carried away in explosion by minerals bursting from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities of rich spoils of furniture and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating, some leagues off at sea. In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was perhaps the sole human creature unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the ship's deck frightened only for the destruction falling on his beloved Cornelia. He saw and mourned her fate, as unavoidable, little rejoicing at his own safety, since life was now become a burthen.

After the space of an hour this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained her stability, the sky his calmness. He then beheld close by the stern of his ship, floating upon an olive tree, to a bough of which she clung, one in the dress of a female. He was touched with compassion; he ran to her relief; he finding her yet breathing, and raising her up, how unspeakable was his astonishment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented Cornelia! the manner of whose miraculous deliverance is thus recorded.

In this universal wreck, as it were of nature, in which the elements of earth and water had changed their places, fishes were borne up into the midland, trees, houses and men into the deep. It happened that this fair one was hurried into the sea, together with the tree, to which in the beginning of the commotion she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of the vessel wherein her Mendoza was, which, was one of the few that rode out the amazing tempest. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind, the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderness—words cannot express them. Happy pair! the interposition of Providence in your favor was too visible to dispute your being at last united for ever. Thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully, was thy constancy crowned—thy merit rewarded. Lo, the wind is fair! haste, bear with thee to thy native Spain this inestimable prize. Return, no less justly triumphant, than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezures, the treasures of a newly discovered world.

IT was well observed by the venerable JUDGE RUSSELL, that among all the revolutions and strange events that have taken place in the course of his long life, the establishment of a Roman Catholic church, in Boston, is one of the most surprising.—Such a revolution in the sentiments and feelings of men, produced by the illuminations of science and the energy of reason, is more honorary and important, than all the conquests and victories that ever aggrandized a Nation, or gave her the command of the world. It was reserved for America, to give unlimited effect to those divine principles of universal toleration, which, in all other countries have been promulgated by the mouth of the cannon ;—to which, obedience has been enforced, by the spear and the sword.

L.

Original Poetry.

*Written in the CABIN at BRADISH'S TAVERN,
Cambridge, 1787.*

IN this snug covert safely lodg'd,
Nor care nor strife can find me,
The Tutor's watchful search I've dodg'd,
And left my books behind me.

Here's Tom and Hal, and merry Ned,
A junto blithe and clever,
While snoring Sophs are gone to bed,
Where they could sleep forever.

Upon our joys sweet Friendship smiles,
Wit at the board presides, fir,
We cheat old Time with "winsome wiles",
And cheerily he glides, fir.

While round the room our pipes diffuse,
An incense warm and fragrant;
A scent more rich than Hermon's dew,
Or roses or new hay grant.

Here Vice and Folly cannot come,
No prating blabber enters—
Should they to blast our bliss presume,
Will smash the first that ventures.

Our moderate glass mild Temperance brings,
And Love each toast pronounces,
Our chearful Muse, instructive sings,
And unchaste notes, denounces.

ON GAMING.

"TO gild o'er av'rice with a specious name;
To suffer torment, while for sport you game ;

Time to reverse, and order to defy,
 To make your temper subject to a die;
 To curse your fate, for each unlucky throw,
 Your reason, sense, and prudence to forego;
 To call each aid infernal to your part,
 To sit with anxious eyes, and aching heart,
 And fortune, time, and health, to throw away,
 Is what our modern men of taste, call Play."

DETACHED HISTORICAL REMARKS,
 ON IMITATION.

THERE is a curious origin given by an ingenious writer for the *fleurs de lis* in the French arms. The Franks, he tells us, who first penetrated into Gaul, had, among other emblems, the figures of bees by way of device or atchievement; it being common for barbarous nations to distinguish their different tribes from one to another by the representations of animals. But as the skill of the Franks in drawing, was not superior to that of the natives of America, the Gauls conceived that the bees of the Franks were intended for toads, and considering that, as a disgusting sort of emblem, converted it into the *fleur de lis*, without altering much however of the original form, which is still discoverable. It was natural for barbarians, issuing from their forests in swarms, with a chief or king as their conductor, to chuse bees as their proper device.

There must have been some model, or statue, or painting from authority, remaining for many ages after his death, of the celebrated Hector of Troy. For Plutach tells us, in his life of Aratus, that such multitudes collected to see a Lacedæmonean youth, on account of his resemblance to that hero, that the unfortunate man was crowded to death.

ANECDOTE.

DR. Johnson, having gained, as he thought, a familiarity with that fop of literature Lord Chesterfield, he ventured to call on his Lordship one day, for the purpose of having a little chat ; Lord Chesterfield it seems, having written two papers in the *World* to recommend his grand dictionary, which was then in the press. He was, however, refused admittance to his Lordship, who was at that moment engaged with people of more figure and consequence than authors. This the Doctor never forgave. He knew Chesterfield expected the dedication of the dictionary, but was determined to gratify his revenge by disappointing him.—At length, this vast work being finished, a humble friend of Lord Chesterfield's called upon Johnson to know if the dedication was written : Sir, said the Doctor with some warmth, I would have you to know that I am under obligations to no great man whatever.—What, said the other, do not you recollect that his lordship has written two elegant papers in the *World* on purpose to recommend and promote the sale of your work ?—Laughable indeed ! said Johnson—after I have made a Commodore Anson's voyage round the world of literature, and experienced a thousand hardships, dangers and difficulties, but at length surmount them all, and am coming into port in a fine day with a fair wind, my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock boats to tow me in—laughable indeed !—No, Sir, you may consider Lord Chesterfield in what light you please, as for myself, I hold him to be a *wit* among *Lords*, and a *Lord* among *wits*. Chesterfield never forgot this sarcasm, and has in return drawn a very disagreeable portrait of Dr. Johnson in one of his letters to his son.

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No. XXXI.—TUESDAY, JULY 19th, '96.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

AN ignorant rope-dancer and juggler, has advertised his Exhibition, to be the only 'genteel' entertainment, in town. *The Knight of hemp*, certainly forgot, that there is such a place as the Columbian Museum, in Boston,—a place containing in one of its remotest corners, sources of more rational delight and gratification, than ever were to be found in any "deception shop" or *jumping ware-house*, from Sadler's Wells down to the *superb edifice* in Theatre alley. I must confess, the citizens of this respectable and populous town, are much flattered by their itinerant *Madox*, and foreigners will be greatly tempted to resort to a metropolis, where there is but one "genteel" exhibition to please and amuse them. We hope Mr. BOWEN's crowded halls, and the emptiness of the *well accommodated* room in Theatre Alley, will be evincive of the good taste and refined sentiments of Bostonians.

The Columbian Museum, is undoubtedly the best and most extensive, of any that we have ever had in this town. The indefatigable industry, the polite deportment and the professional abilities of its proprietor, entitle him to our applause and patronage.

His collection of prints, lately imported from the *Enghells*, is well worthy of attention. A view of the superb set of the Shakspeare plates, alone, would be ample compensation to an amateur of the fine arts, for the time spent in a very lengthy visit. But it were presumption to attempt a detail of the various curiosities, the pictures, and the statues, with which Mr. Bowen has enriched his Museum, or to describe their particular excellencies. We earnestly recommend it to those, who are desirous of information on the subject, not to let their inclinations remain ungratified, when *fifty cents*, will purchase them *mints* of pleasure and improvement.

Literary Amusements.

THE EXPENCE OF ECONOMY.

DO you know, Messrs. Editors, that I am in the high road to be ruined by economy. Never did a poor man pay so dear in order to save money, and it is all owing to the cry that you and others have set up about scarcity that I am fairly driven out of my own house, and am the laughing stock of all my neighbors.

You must know that I have the good fortune to enjoy the best wife in the world ; she is a pattern to all her acquaintance ; she looks into every thing herself, is quite notable, a great manager, an excellent market woman, and knows the cheapest shop in town for every article, that we want. This is not only a great comfort as well as saving to ourselves, but a great convenience to our friends ; for when any of them want to buy a gown, or a pound of raisins, they are sure not only to consult my wife, but take her with them, for fear they should be im-

posed upon, and the kind soul is every day upon her feet trudging into the city, with one friend and another, because really in the city things may be bought for half price, and this I can assure you is true, from the extraordinary bargains that she constantly makes.

But, first, to my misfortune, I need not tell you, who have so well described the present scarcity, that every feeling heart is anxious to lessen the consumption of wheat, and to make as great a saving as possible of bread in these hard times. The number of substitutes for flour which have been suggested by the ingenious Sir John Sinclair, President of the Board of Agriculture, and others, struck my wife very forcibly. "Dear me," she said one morning at breakfast, "how simple the receipt is, just one half flour and one half potatoes ; I declare I will try it, and then we shall make our own bread, and what a saving that will be ! It is but having a little cast iron oven put up at the side of the kitchen grate, and it will be the most convenient and handy thing in the world ; it will bake a pie, or a few tarts upon occasion ; and you know, my love, it will keep your leg of mutton hot and comfortable any time that you should happen to be detained on Change. What do you think of it, my dear ?" I never have an opinion of my own on any subject of this kind. My wife is sovereign out of the counting-house, which is my only territory. "My dear," says I you know best. It is surely the duty of every one to lessen the consumption of wheat, and if you think a mixed bread will answer I would have you try it ; but, my love, might you not make your experiment, and send the loaf to the bakehouse, and not buy an oven till you see how it answers." "Oh dear, no, by no means ; now that is always your way. My God ! trust a baker with an experiment when he is to be deprived of our custom if it succeeds. No,

I thank you. Why he would burn it on purpose." There is no arguing with my wife, she is so clever; and besides when once she takes up a thing, she finds out so many advantages in a minute, that did not strike her at first, that the second reasons are often more forcible than the original inducement. This was precisely the case about the little cast iron oven, it was thought of only for the sake of this potatoe bread, but such a variety of uses for an oven, came crowding upon her mind that she wondered how we had ever been able to go on without an oven. An oven would save itself in two months in the expence of fuel, for she declared, for her own part, that she liked baked meat as well as roast, and whenever I dined out she and the children could do very well with a bit of beef stake pie, or a baked shouider of mutton ; and, besides, a cast iron oven was no expence, she saw one sold at auction for a couple of guineas, and she was sure she knew the broker that bought it, he lived in Moorfields, for she often dealt with him. I did not say a word more.

When I came home to dinner my wife told me, with great joy, that she had got the oven, and the brick layer was coming in the morning to set it, and she had only paid two guineas and an half, and it was as good as new ; there was not a single crack about it, and it was quite charming ; there was only one thing that she did not know how to manage, there was not room by the side of the fire for the oven without removing the boiler ; but she was sure, if the bricklayer had not been an ass, he might have contrived it somehow : But, hang the copper, it was not wanted often, it might be put in the little back cellar under the counting-house. It would be easy, the bricklayer said, to carry up a flue. I saw she had settled the whole plan, and she entertained me during dinner with the preparations she had made for our new bread. She was sure, she said

that potatoes would be dear, because every body was going to eat them, and she had therefore the precaution to buy in as many as she thought would serve us for the winter. "Good God! my dear, they will spoil, where can you keep them?" "I warrant you I'll find room," says she, "and as to their spoiling I'll answer for them; how do I preserve pears till the month of June, and sure they are more delicate than potatoes." I know how clever my wife is at these things, her preserves are excellent, and there is not a week but some of our friends are forced to send to us for a pot or two, when their own are all spoiled; and my wife always takes care to have enough on that very account.

[To be continued.]

[Our enterprising and worthy fellow citizens, Messrs. NANCREDE and SPOTSWOOD, have now in the press, the *Zoonomia*, of Dr. DARWIN, and the *Studies of Nature*, of B. PIERRE. The abilities and classical scholarship of M. NANCREDE, are too well known, to require particular mention at this period of our acquaintance with him. Any work from the press of W. SPOTSWOOD, is sure of applause for correctness, and typographical elegance. An union of the professional labours of these gentlemen, promises many valuable acquisitions to the fund of Columbian Literature. Some Biographical sketches of Dr. Darwin, and an extract from the *Studies of Nature*, must, we conceive, be acceptable to our readers, and will induce them to subscribe for works of such real excellence.

BENEFICENCE OF NATURE.

MOST men, in polished Nations, look on Nature with indifference. They are in the midst of her works, and they admire only human gran-

deur. What charm, after all, can render the History of Men so interesting? It has to boast of vain objects of glory alone, of uncertain opinions, of bloody victories, or, at most, of useless labours. If Nature, sometimes, finds a place in it, we are called upon to observe only the ravages which she has committed, and to hear her charged with a thousand calamities, which may be all traced up to our own imprudence.

With what unremitting attention, on the contrary, is this common Mother providing for us the means of happiness! She has diffused her benefits over the globe, from Pole to Pole, entirely in the view of engaging us to unite in a mutual communication of them. She is incessantly recalling us, from the prejudices, which unhappily separate Mankind, to the universal laws of justice and humanity, by frequently putting our ills in the hands of the so highly vaunted conquerors, and our pleasures in those of the oppressed, whom we hardly deign to favour with so much as our pity.

When the Princes of Europe issued forth, with the Gospels in their hand, to ravage Asia, they brought back with them the pestilence, the leprosy, and the small-pox; but Nature pointed out to a Dervise the coffee plant, in the mountains of Yemen, and produced, at one and the same time, our plagues from our Croisades, and our delicious beverage from the cup of a Mahometan monk. The successors of these Princes subjugated the American Continent, and have transmitted to us, by means of this discovery and conquest, an inexhaustible succession of wars and venereal diseases. While they were exterminating the inoffensive inhabitants of it by their murderous artillery, a Caraïb, in token of peace, set the sailors a smoking his calumet; the perfume of tobacco dissipated their chagrin, and the use of it is disseminating over the whole earth; and

while the miseries of two worlds are issuing from the cannon's mouth, which Kings call their *ULTIMA RATIO*, the consolations of the civilized States of Europe, stream from the pipe of a savage.

To whom are we indebted for the use of sugar, of chocolate, of so many agreeable means of subsistence, and so many salutary medicines? To naked Indians, to poor peasants, to wretched Negros. The spade of slaves has done more good, than the sword of conquerors has done mischief. But in which of our great squares are we to look for the statues of our obscure benefactors? Our histories have not vouchsafed so much as to preserve their names. We need not, however, to go so far, in quest of proofs of the obligations under which we lie to nature; Is it not to the study of her laws, that Paris is indebted for such multiplied illumination, collected from every quarter of the Globe, combined a thousand different ways, and reflected over Europe in sciences the most ingenious, and enjoyments the most refined, of every species?

Where is now the time, when our forefathers leaped for joy at finding a wild plumb tree, on the banks of the Loire; or at catching a poor roe in the chace in the vast plains of Normandy? Our fields, now so richly clothed with harvests, and orchards, and flocks, did not then produce the common necessities of life. They wandered up and down, living on the precarious supplies of hunting, and not daring to trust to Nature. Her simplest phenomena filled them with terror. They trembled at the sight of an eclipse, of an *ignis fatuus*, of a branch of mistletoe on the oak. Not that they believed the affairs of the world to be surrendered to Chance. They recognized every where Gods possessed of intelligence; but not daring to believe them good, while cruel priests were their only instructors in religion, these unfortunate people imagined, that the Gods

took pleasure only in tears, and immolated to them human victims, on the very spot, perhaps, on which now stands a receptacle for the wretched.

Let me suppose that a philosopher, such as *Newton*, were, then, to have treated them with the spectacle of some of our natural Sciences, and to have shewn them, with the microscope, forests in moss, mountains in grains of sand, thousands of animals in drops of water, and all the wonders of Nature, which, in a downward progress to nothing, multiplies the resources of her intelligence, while the human eye becomes incapable of perceiving the boundary : Let me go on to suppose, that afterwards, discovering to them, in the Heavens, a progression of greatness equally infinite, he had shewn them, in the planets, hardly perceptible to the naked eye, Worlds, much greater than ours, Saturn, three hundred millions of leagues distant ; in the fixed stars, infinitely more remote, Suns which, probably, illuminate other Worlds ; in the whiteness of the milky way, stars, that is, Suns, innumerable, scattered about in the heavens, as grains of dust on the Earth, without man's knowing whether all this may not be more than the threshold of Creation merely ; with what transports would they have viewed a spectacle which we, at this day, behold without emotion ?

But I would rather suppose, that, unprovided with the magic of Science, a man like *Fenelon* had presented himself to them, in all the majesty of Virtue, and thus addressed the Druids : " You frighten yourselves, my friends, with the groundless terrors which you instil into the people. God is righteous. He conveys to the wicked terrible apprehensions, which recoil on those who communicate them. But he speaks to all men in the blessings which he bestows. Your religion would govern men by fear ; mine draws them with cords of love,

and imitates his Sun in the firmament, whom he causes to shine on the evil and on the good." Let me, finally, suppose, that, after this, he had distributed among them the simple presents of Nature, till then unknown, sheaves of corn, slips of the vine, sheep clothed with the woolly fleece: Oh! what would have been the gratitude of our grandfathers! They would perhaps, have fled with terror from the inventor of the telescope, mistaking him for a Spirit; but, undoubtedly, they would have fallen, down, and worshipped the author of Telemachus.

Biography.

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN.

THE Annals of Literature scarcely produce a single instance beyond the present, of a person possessing the acknowledged poetical talents of Dr. DARWIN, being unknown to the world as a Poet until that period of life when the generality of mankind relinquish their attention to pursuits of that nature. Such, however, is the fact. The same of the author of the Botanic Garden was unknown beyond the circle of his friends until the publication of that work.

We are informed, that he is the son of a gentleman of good estate near Newark upon Trent, and we should have been glad to have given his Schoolmaster the honour due to him by him by mentioning his name. From school he went to Cambridge, and was entered of St. John's College, where he took the degree of M. B. in 1775, and in his theses defended the doctrine, that the movements of the heart and arteries are immediately produced by the stimulus of the blood. He was a member of the University at the time of the death of Frederick Prince of

Wales in 1751, and was one of those who contributed to the Cambridge collections of verses on that event.

After Dr. Darwin had qualified himself for the practice of Physic, he settled at Litchfield, where he resided many years, to the great advantage of that city and its neighbourhood. During this period, though we hear nothing of the Poet yet the fame of the Physician increased daily. In 1758 he published, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. 50. "An Attempt to confute the Opinion of Henry Eales concerning the Ascent of Vapour;" and in the same Collection, "An Account of the Cure of a periodical Hæmoptoe by keeping the Patient awake." In Vol. 64 are, "Experiments on Animal Fluids in the exhausted Receiver;" and in 1780 he executed the mournful task of becoming Editor of "Experiments establishing a Criterion between Mucilaginous and Perulent Matter; and an Account of the retrograde Motions of the absorbent Vessels of Animal Bodies in some Diseases," 8vo. a work of much merit, written by his son, Charles Darwin, a youth of great expectations, who was carried off by a fever before he had completed his twentieth year, while he was prosecuting his medical studies at Edinburgh. In 1784 the "System of Vegetables" of Linnæus by the Botanical Society at Litchfield were published, we believe, under the auspices, or at least with the assistance of Dr. Darwin.

The "Loves of the Plants being the second part of the Botanic Garden, was published in 1789; and this was followed in 1791 by "The Œconomy of Vegetation," being the first part and completion of the subject. This work, which united the imagery of Lucretius and the elegance of Virgil's versification, is sufficiently known, and the merit of it so completely established, that we cannot help expressing some degree of surprize that has not been more

generally circulated by means of a cheaper edition. In 1794 "Zoonomia" was published, which, according to the opinion of a celebrated Professor of the Medical Art, fair bids to do for Medicine, what Sir Isaac Newton's Principia has done for Natural Philosophy.

Dr. Darwin now resides at Derby, where his practice is extensive. He is much respected, and his former literary exertions much future entertainment and instruction are still to be expected.

Poetry.

DANS VOTRE LIT.

DANS votre lit, my Fanny say,
When past the busy hours of day;
Say and let me happy be,
To find you sometimes think of me,
Dans votre lit.

For whether absent or in view,
My thoughts are fondly bent on you;
When, in my dreams I'm full of glee,
And in my arms embracing thee,
Dans votre lit.

But soon as dawn appears, my fair,
The blissful visions', lost in air;
Consent and you shall quickly see,
I'll make it sweet reality,
Dans votre lit.

The soft confession make, my fair,
And with it glad my raptur'd ear;
And in return I'll swear to thee,
Ten thousand worlds I'd give to be,
Dans votre lit.

GOOD WIFE.

IN Stratham Church, (Eng.) is the monument of REBECCA, wife of WM. LYNNE, who died in 1653. Her husband, who wrote her epitaph, after dwelling on her several virtues, concludes with the following couplet,

"Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life,
I could not praise enough so good a wife."

ANECDOTE.

WHILE the Danes, in their incursions, were laying all waste before them, Alfred, with his amiable Queen, Ethelwitha, and children, and a small company of attendants, retreated for shelter to a little obscure island in Somersetshire, called Athelney, where the greatest difficulty he suffered, in that forlorn situation, was a scarcity of food. It happened one day, during the winter, which proved uncommonly severe, that he had sent all his attendants in search of fish, or some kind of provisions. In their absence, the King, as was his custom on every opportunity, applied himself to his studies, while the Queen pursued her domestic concerns; when a pilgrim passing that way, begged with great earnestness for something to satisfy his hunger. Alfred touched with compassion, desired Ethelwitha to give the poor man part of what provision remained. The Queen finding only one loaf, brought it to Alfred; but at the same time represented to him the distress to which they might themselves be reduced, should they fail of further supply. The King, however, not deterred from his charitable purpose, cheerfully gave the stranger one half of the loaf, encouraging his Queen with the pious reflection, that "he, that could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, could make, if it should so please him, the half of a loaf suffice for more than their necessities."